

GLENN W. PFEIL

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The Scent of Roses

In the unlikely event that someone in the area has been away, we hereby announce that fall has arrived.

It came on the heels of tax bills, general elections, and a cold front that left ankle-deep snow on our deserts and hip-deep snow on our mountains.

With the coming of fall, mingled with the scent of burning Eucalyptus from a thousand fireplaces, the scent of roses has finally filtered through and one begins to wonder about New Year's Day in Pasadena.

The Torrance Tournament of Roses Association, propped up almost entirely by the Torrance Chamber of Commerce and the Junior Chamber of Commerce, put the thoughts of roses into readable prose this week by asking 5,000 of the city's business and civic leaders for contributions to defray costs of this year's entry in the nationally famous spectacle.

Like everything else, the cost of floats is high, and for the estimated \$6,000 or more that the new float will cost, the city will receive only a modest representation in the parade. Some floats will cost up to five or six times that.

However, the struggle to raise the few thousand dollars needed to have a Torrance entry will be a hard one if we can judge by past years.

In reality, the cost is only about a nickle a head for the city's population, but there appears to be no grass roots desire to have Torrance enter the parade, thus the need for a few—the same few—to pick up the tab each year.

The Press-Herald is sorry that the city's entry does not have solid backing. Without the entries coming in from Southland cities, fraternal organizations, and religious and charitable groups, the parade would turn into a spectacular television commercial—and it would, we believe, lose much of its international appeal.

Torrance, as one of the Southland's major cities, should be represented, but it should be on a popular basis, not the efforts of a few.

The Chamber of Commerce is prepared to handle all the contributions—from a penny up.

IT'S NEWS TO ME by Herb Caen

She's a Real Mme. LaFarge

TO KEEP YOU up to date on Christmas goodies for the kiddies, Macy's toy dept. is featuring a guillotine with handcuffed body, sharp blade and basket for the head to roll into. Saleslady, brightly: "Isn't it cute? Teen-agers just love it!" If she'd been knitting, she'd have been a ringer for Mme. LaFarge.

ALFRED WRIGHT JR. visiting here with his wife (Star Joan Fontaine), tells it on himself: about walking down a street, bumping into a girl who looked vaguely familiar, inviting her into a bar for a drink while he struggled to recall her name—and then discovering it was his first wife! (Ah well, they were only married for five days, during W'War II) . . . Orlando Cepeda will not be used as trade-bait by the Giants this winter. He is already in the fold for '65—with another salary increase, besides . . . Chorine at the Gay 90s, brushing off a Stage Door John: "G'wan, you little old line-maker, you!" I record this only for reasons of nostalgia; I'll bet you thought that chorines and Johns had gone the way of dance teams and rumble seats.

GESTURE: The Commanding General at Hamilton Air Force Base rec'd the following letter from a Sausalito resident a few days ago:

"Dear Sir: I have received the claim form for damage to my property due to your units' recent sonic boom. I haven't received the bill for same, but whatever it is, I will not fill out your form or submit it to you, for I have little doubt that the repair bills following any visitation from the enemy would be considerably higher. Boom or not, just keep 'em flying, and let the rest of us worry about a few dollars' damage."

The letter was written by Novelist Ernest K. Gann, author of "The High and the Mighty," "Fate Is the Hunter" and other flying adventures.

NOTES & QUOTES: Leo Durocher, still jobless, was heard to sigh loudly on his last trip to S. F. with the Dodgers: "Boy, how I'd like to spend the rest of my baseball days in this city." And if he doesn't get a job—he did, he did . . . Janet Blair, an absolute smash in "Sound of Music" at Hyatt Theater, told her 4-year-old daughter Mandy: "Gotta run now and get ready for another performance." Daughter: "Why, Mommy? Didn't you do it right the first time?" . . . As Baroness van Heemstra swept up to the Western Airlines gate at the airport the other day, the uniformed attendant beamed: "Are you in luck, lady—Audrey Hepburn is just arriving!" "really?" hmped the Baroness who was there to meet Audrey—her daughter. Incidentally, seeing herself in "My Fair Lady" did great things for the star's appetite. After the S. F. premiere, she limo'd to Trader Vic's, where l'il Audrey downed gallons of Fisherman's Spaghetti, buckets of Ayala champagne.



HERE AND THERE by Royce Brier

A Hitch or Two in Race To Fly Supersonic Jets

When the jets came, late 1950s, a foremost operational problem was longer runways.

But the jets were immediately successful with passengers, who still haven't tired of exclaiming over the shrinkage of time to transcontinental and transoceanic flights.

As technology in recent decades has been moving in a sharp spiral, the supersonic plane came into planning while the 600-mile jets were still young. It is not certain, however, that halving the time between, say, New York and London or San Francisco and Tokyo, will repeat the pleasant psychological effect with passengers that the jet involved.

In any case, runways are no longer the foremost operational problem when, and if, the double or triple supersonic jet is developed and put into use. Some of the problems now seem to stubbornly resist solution.

First, the supersonic

planes with bigger motors and thrust will raise the decibels at airports, and residents nearby are already complaining about the racket.

But in theory, and by some experiment with supersonic military planes, noise now promises to accompany a plane along its entire flight course, and possible 50 miles each side of the flight course, according to recent tests in Oklahoma. There is also the related problem of sonic boom.

Other problems include heating (standard aluminum alloy sheathing weakens above 1500 m.p.h.), and economics, and the last is a tough one.

For a year airframe firms and the government have been quibbling over sharing the cost of development of a 2200 m.p.h. plane, once put at \$1 billion, now much higher. If the target date is 1970, this means current jets would become obsolete after 12 years of operation, a big factor for airlines.

The American project took on a prestige color last year, when Britain and France joined to produce a 1450 m.p.h. commercial airliner called the Concorde. Considerable work has been done, and eight airlines have placed orders for 43 planes for future delivery.

But development costs, once put at \$240 million for each country, now appear unrealistic, and may double.

Hardly had the Labor Government taken office in London, than it began to fuss about Concorde. Plagued with deficits, the government is now calling for "early and urgent" meetings with the French. The Aviation Minister is going to Paris, where great concern is expressed lest the British pull out of Concorde.

They could, and this might leave our own planes in the air. No doubt you will one day zoom across the Atlantic in two hours or less, the Pacific in four or less, but the day may not be close.

BOOKS by William Hogan

Major Study of Kennedy Covers Tumultuous Years

On the first anniversary of the assassination, The Viking Press has scheduled for publication what might be the most remarkable Kennedy book of all that has appeared during the year. This is titled "The Kennedy Years," a large-format, richly illustrated document edited by the staff of The New York Times, under the direction of Harold Faber. Text runs to some 75,000 words, and is based on the news reports in thousands of pages of the Times that covered the tumultuous years of the Kennedy administration.

Idea is that "The Kennedy Years" should be less an idealized memorial than a solid contribution to history. Viking is not stinting on production; the item will carry a \$16.50 price tag. It is intended to be a permanent and authoritative record that "separates the man from the legend." Some 300 photographs—and it might turn out to be the surprise gift success of the season.

Also in the news this month will be "The Founding Father: The Story of Joseph P. Kennedy" (World; \$6.95). This is an exhaustive biography by Richard J. Whalen of the former Ambassador to Great Britain and father of the late President who, for all the legends about him, is a relatively little-known figure. Booksellers who have read advance proofs of this title see it as a sure-fire best-seller. One enthusiastic bookman writes: "I was frankly amazed at how fair and direct are the shots and salvos throughout the whole book. Whether personalities, 'characters,' politics, statesmanship, religion, birthright, wealth, FDR, JFK, war or peace, Whalen has a go at it . . ."

We shall be reporting on this at greater length around its official publication date.

On Tuesday, Horizon Press will introduce "The Useless Sex," by Oriana Fallaci. Miss Fallaci is a prominent Italian journalist who made her way around the world to investigate the life and status of women, especially, her publishers explain, in countries such as Pakistan, India, Indonesia, and Japan where until very recently women were excluded from most, if not all, forms of public life. Some capsule findings (out of context):

Pakistan: "Asking a Moslem about his women is like asking him about a secret vice."

Karachi: "The city where women laugh at a tragic love story."

Japan: "In Japan the women are the only ones who won the war."

China: "The word love was also taboo. In a certain sense it still is . . . Beyond the Shem Chan river there are girls of 14 governing, as mayors, villages of 600 inhabitants."

North America: "The American woman is a man with many advantages . . . While the men are tiring themselves out, the women are saving their time and energy, ingredients to the consolidation of power."

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TRAVEL by Stan Delaplane

Carnival in Rio a Long, Hypnotic Binge, He Says

BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS "We had made plans to be in Rio de Janeiro for the Carnival next February. Is there any special dress? We will be in a hotel at Capacabana Beach."

You can bring a costume—any kind of dress ball costume. But I would make it light and airy. Rio is very hot and sticky.

Even in hot weather, Rio is dressy if you are wearing regular clothing. Coats and ties, day and night, for men. Copacabana is the elegant part of the city and the most dressy.

There is no Carnival like Rio's. A great, long, hypnotic binge. People dancing in mobs on the streets. Individuals hyped with ether dancing alone. (They put ether instead of perfume in some of the egg shells that they pop on your head.) It's wild. Goes on all day, all night. You should see it.

lis Broiler. I guess you'd wear it at the Kahala Hilton, too. And the dining room at the Hawaiian Village. Still that's only four.

"... what clothes to wear if we visit Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands?"

This is dressier country. Nearly every hotel requires coat and tie in the evening. And there's a lot of cocktail hour dressing. Daytime dress is not so casual either. I see a lot of Bermuda shorts with knee-high white socks. Less aloha shirts and more tailored short-sleeve shirts worn inside the shorts.

"We would like to buy a cuckoo clock in Switzerland..."

I never see them except

in toy stores. The place t buy cuckoo clocks is in the Black Forest in Germany. You can get some that are very ornate.

"Should we change our money into European currency before we leave the U.S.?"

You don't save anything. This side of the Iron Curtain, exchange is the same here and there. All airports have banks. But if you are arriving early morning or late evening, buy about \$20 worth at the airport bank in America. Gives you tipping and taxi change to work with.

And always change at banks. It's a rare foreign hotel that doesn't take a cut when they change money for you.

Our Man Hoppe

Miss Amanda Battles Beatles

By Arthur Hoppe

"Stamp out Beatles!" It was my good friend, Miss Amanda, national commander of "I," the superpatriotic stamping-out society. And she looked right pert in her black bombazine and matching tennis shoes.

Beatles? "No, Beatles!" cried Miss Amanda. "You know, those long-haired aliens who are part and parcel of a Commie plot to destroy the little minds of our little children! And I have documentary evidence to prove it!"

With that she pulled from her reticule a speech entitled "Communist Hypnotism and the Beatles," currently being given on the superpatriotic circuit by the Rev. David Noebel of the Christian Crusade.

In it, the good preacher says the Communists have now infiltrated our great American record industry and are producing hit songs with 82 beats per minute, ominously "the same as the pulse rate" of the average child. Moreover, he says, these Beatle riots conditions our youngster for political activism. And the whole thing, he tells us, "is a program to nerve jam your kids."

"Whoa-boy!" crowed Miss Amanda, happily rubbing her hands. "It's the grandest plot we've exposed in just ages! Ringo is obviously the ringleader! They hope to subvert our wonderful, red-blooded, weak-headed American youth! They . . ."

Nonsense, I said. "Nonsense!" she snapped, hefting her furled umbrella. "I knew it! You're a Com-Symp, a Beatle-apologist, a fellow crawler!"

No, I said, it's even worse than Reverend Noebel suspects. "Worse?" said Miss Amanda hopefully.

Far worse, I said. The Reverend obviously has no teen-aged daughters in the house addicted to Beatle records night and day. And thus he's never observed the horrible effects at first hand. "Do they spit on the flag?" cried Miss Amanda gleefully. "Do they go sex mad? Tell me, tell me!"

I said I'd do even better than that. I'd play an actual Beatle record for her—17 times. "Hot zam!" said Miss Amanda. "You're right! It's like smut. You've got to study the real thing! Over and over!"

She leaned forward as I put the record on, a fine look of suspicious anticipation on her vigilant features. By the third playing, this had become an expression of grim dedication. By the seventh, the glint had gone from her eyes. Midway through the 13th, she went rigid.

"See?" I said, when at last I turned the thing off. "This plot to drive people mad isn't aimed at our tough-minded, callous-brained teen-agers. As any parent can tell you, it's aimed at us grown-ups. And when you realize that our President has two teen-aged daughters himself, who . . . Miss Amanda?" Miss Amanda?"

It took two glasses of elderberry wine to revive her. And when I urged her to march off on a desperately needed anti-Beatle crusade, she merely muttered, "Yeah, yeah, yeah." And tottered dazedly out the door.

Oh, I fear our superpatriots in their unending battle against borers from within. This time, I think, they've bitten off more than anyone can swallow.

Morning Report:

Dangerous radicalism is breaking out all over. And now in Moscow, too. Just the other day, "Pravda" called for "broad publicity of state and party activities." Now, "Pravda" editors are different from editors over here. They get exactly what they call for.

I have a feeling, however, that in this case the paper's reporters will not come through. For one thing, they haven't been covering such activities for so long, they don't know where to begin.

So I'll give them a tip on how to do the job their bosses say they have ordered. For a start, an exclusive series of interviews with Nikita Khrushchev on how he got bounced.

Abe Mellinkoff

Quote

KILIAN HENNESSEY, French cognac manufacturer touring California, on wine tasting — "Women as a rule are good tasters, better than men. They have a sharper tongue."

BERNARD CASEY, artist and S. F. pro grid star—"I am not antisocial; but I am not bored in my own company and don't need to be with people all the time."

The Old Timer



"It takes the average housewife about four checkbooks to fill one stamp book!"